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VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 11.

POETRY.

LITTLE THINGS.

Often, little things we hear,
Often, little things we see,
Waken thoughts that long have slept,
Deep down in our memory.
Strangely slight the circumstance
That has force to turn the mind
Backward on the path of years,
To the loved ones far behind!
'Tis the perfume of a flower,
Or a quaint old-fashioned tune,
Or a song-bird mid the leaves,
Singing in the sunny June.
'Tis the evening-star, mayhap,
In the gleaming silver-bright,
Or a gold and purple cloud
Waning in the western light.
'Tis the rustling of a dress,
Or a certain tone of voice,
That can make the pulses throb,
That can bid the heart rejoice.
Ah, my heart! But not of joy
Must alone thy history tell,
Sorrow, shame, and bitter tears
Little things, recall as well.

STORY TELLER.

THE USURER'S GIFT.

A few months ago in London an old man sat in a large paneled room, in one of the streets near Soho-square. Everything in the apartment was brown with age and neglect. Nothing more superlatively dingy could well be imagined. The leather covers of the chairs were white and glossy at the edges; the carpet was almost of a uniform tint, notwithstanding its original gaudy contrasts; there were absurd old engravings upon the walls—relics of the infancy of the art—and curtains to the windows which the smoke of many years had darkened from a delicate fawn to a musty chocolate color. In the center of the room and, as it were, the sun of this dusty system, stood a small, old-fashioned, more modern manufacture, at which was seated the old man alluded to, sole lord and master of the dismal domicile. He was by profession a money-lender. His age might be from sixty to sixty-five years; his face was long, and his features seemed carved out of boxwood or yellow sandstone, so destitute were they of mobility; his eyes were of a cold pale steel color, but his brows were black and tufted, like a grizzled owl; a long, aquiline nose, a thin and compressed mouth, and a vast double chin, buried in a voluminous white neckcloth of more than one day's wear, completed the portrait. Nor did the expression of his countenance undergo any perceptible change as, after a timid knock, the door opened, and a young man entered of singularly interesting appearance. The new comer was well-dressed, though his clothes were none of the newest, and had the air of a man accustomed to society. His pale brow was marked with those long horizontal lines of which time is rarely the artist. His dark, deep-set gray eyes flashed with a painful brightness; his long chestnut hair, damp with perspiration, clung in narrow strips to his forehead; his whole manner implied the man who had made up his mind to some extraordinary course, from which no wavering or weakness on his part was likely to turn him aside, whatever the opposition of others might compel him to abandon or determine. Bending his tall figure slightly, he addressed the money-lender in a tone of constrained calmness. "You lend money, I believe?" "Sometimes, on good security," replied the usurer, indifferently, forming a critical summary view of his visitor's costume at a glance. The stranger hesitated; there was a discouraging sort of coldness in the mode of delivering this answer that seemed to prejudice his proposition. Nevertheless, he resumed with an effort, "I saw your advertisement in the paper." The usurer did not even nod in answer to this prelude. He sat bolt upright in his chair, waiting for further information. "I am, as you will see by these papers," entitled to some property reversion. The usurer stretched out his hand for the papers, which he looked over carefully with the same implacable tranquillity while his visitor entered into explanations as to their substance.

Only once the money-lender peered over the top of the document he was scanning, and said gruffly: "Your name, sir, is Bernard West?" "It is," replied the stranger, mechanically taking up a newspaper, in which the first thing that caught his eye was the advertisement alluded to, which ran thus: "Money to any amount advanced immediately on every description of security, real or personal. Apply between the hours of 10 and 5, to Mr. John Brace, —street, Soho-square." After a brief interval of silence the usurer methodically rearranged the papers and returned them to the stranger. "They are of no use," he said, "no use whatever—the reversion is merely contingent. You have no available security to offer?" "Could you not advance something upon these expectations—not even a small sum?" "Not a farthing," said the money-lender. "Is there no way of raising fifty, thirty—even twenty pounds?" said the stranger, anxiously, and with the tenacity of a drowning man grasping at a straw. "There is a way," said the usurer, carelessly. West in his turn was silent, awaiting the explanation of his companion. "On personal security," continued the latter with a sinister impatience, beginning to arrange his writing materials for a letter. "I will give any discount," said the young man, eagerly. "My prospects are good. I can—" "Get a friend to be security for the payment of the interest?" "Of the interest and principal, you mean?" "Of the interest only—and the life insurance," added the usurer, with a slight prosopopoeia of indignation that might have escaped the notice of one whose nerves were less exalted in their sensitive power than those of his visitor. "And what sum can I borrow on these terms?" said West, gloomily. "A hundred pounds; more if you require it. In fact, any amount, if your security be good." "The interest will doubtless be high?" "Not at all; 4 or 5 per cent. As much is often given for money on mortgage of land." "And the life insurance?" "You will insure your life for £500, and you will pay the premiums with the interest." "For five hundred?" said West, hesitatingly; "that is, if I borrow—" "One hundred," replied the usurer, sharply. "Men who lend money do not run risks. You may die, and four out of five insurance offices may fail; but the chances are that the fifth would pay." "But it is not likely," began Bernard West, amazed at this outrageous display of caution. "I do not say it is likely," snarled the usurer, with a contemptuous sort of pity for his visitor's dullness of apprehension. "I say it is possible, and I like to be on the safe side." "Well, and how is the affair to be arranged?" "Your security, who of course must be a person known to have property, will give a bond guaranteeing the regular payment of interest and premium—that is all." West reflected for some minutes in silence. The faint expression of hope that had for an instant lighted up his countenance vanished. He understood the money-lender and his proposition. A sufficiently clear remembrance of the tables of life assurance which he had seen enabled him to perceive that the interest and premium together would amount to nearly 20 per cent., and that the bond engaged his security to pay an annuity for his (West's) life of that amount. It is true that, full of energy and hope, he felt no doubt of his capacity to meet the payments regularly; it is true that, monstrous as were the terms, he would have accepted eagerly still harder ones had it simply depended on his own decisions. But where find or how ask a friend to become his bondsman? He ran over in despair the scanty list of acquaintances whom his poverty

had not already caused to forget him. He felt that the thing was impossible. There was not one he could think of who would have even dreamed of entering into such a compact. He turned desperately to the money-lender. "I have no friend," he said, "of whom I could or would ask such a service. If I had I should not be here. Are there no terms, however high, on which you can lend me even the most trifling sum, for which I myself alone need be responsible?" "None," replied the usurer, already commencing his letter. "I will give 30 per cent." "Impossible." "Fifty?" The usurer shook his head impatiently. "A hundred—cent, per cent?" "No!" The strange seeker of loans at length rose to depart. He reached the door. Suddenly he turned back, his eyes blazing with the somber radiance of despair. He strode to the table, and planted himself, with folded arms, immediately in front of the usurer. "Mark me!" said West, in a tone of suppressed passion, like the hollow murmur of the sea before a storm. "It is a question of life or death with me to get money before sunset. Lend me only £20 and within twelve months I will repay you £100. I will give you every power which the law can give one man over another, and I will pledge my honor, which never yet was questioned, to the bargain!" The usurer almost smiled, so strangely sarcastic was the contraction of his features, as he listened to these words. "I do not question your honor," he said icily, "but honor has nothing to do with business. As for the law there is an old axiom which says, 'Out of the lion's mouth.'" Bernard West regarded the cold, rocky face and the passionless mouth from which these words proceeded with that strange wrath a man feels who has humiliated himself in vain. Nevertheless he clung to the old flinty usurer as the last rock in a deluge, and a sense of savage recklessness came over him when he advanced yet closer to the living cash-box before him, while the latter shrank half-terrified before the burning gaze of his visitor's dilated pupils. Laying his hand on the money-lender's shoulder, by a gesture of terrible familiarity that insisted upon and commanded attention to his words, West spoke with a sudden clearness and even musical distinctness of utterance that made his words yet more appalling in their solemn despair: "Old man, I am desperate; I am ruined. It is but a few months since my father died, leaving me not only penniless, but encircled by petty obligations which have cramped my every movement I would have made. I have had no time, no quiet, to make an effort such as my position requires. This day I have spent my last shilling. I am too proud to beg, and to borrow is to beg when a man is known to be in real distress. Within one hour from this time I shall be beyond all the tortures of a lib which for my own sake I care but little to preserve. And yet I have spent my youth in accumulating treasures which but a brief space might have rendered productive of benefit to man, and of profit to myself. My father's little means and my own have vanished in the pursuit of science, and in the gulf of suffering more immediate than our own. If I die, also, with me perish the results of his experiments, his studies and his sacrifices. There are moments when all ordinary calculations and prudence are empty bables. Life is the only real possession we have, and death thins only certainly. Listen! I will make one last proposal to you. Lend me but ten pounds—that is but ten weeks of life—and I swear to you that if I live I will repay you for each pound lent not ten or twenty, but one hundred—in all one thousand pounds! Grant that it may be but a chance—up the one hand, yet upon the other, now small is the risk; and then, to see a human life—is not that something in the scale?" And the stranger gazed at these last words with a bitter glee that

caused a strange thrill to creep along the nerves of the usurer. However, the lender of gold, shrugged his shoulders without relaxing his habitual impossibility of manner. He did not speak. Possibly the idea occurred to him that his strange client meditated some act of violence upon himself or his strong box. But this idea speedily vanished, as the stranger, relapsing suddenly into silence and conventional behavior, removed his hand from the usurer's shoulder and strode rapidly but calmly from the apartment. The door closed behind the ruined man, and the usurer drew a long breath, while his busy brows were contracted in a sort of agony of doubt and irresolute purpose. Meanwhile Bernard West, paused for an instant on the threshold of the outer door, as if undecided which road to take. In truth, all roads were much alike to him at that moment. Some chance, too subtle to be seized by the mental analyst, determined his course. He turned to the right and strode rapidly onward. He felt already like one of the dead, to join whom he was hurrying headlong. He looked neither to the right nor to the left; and before him was a mist in which the phantoms of his imagination disported themselves to the exclusion of all other visible objects. Nothing earthly had any further interest for him. He did not even hear the steps of some one running behind him, nor hear the voice which called after him to stop; but his course was soon more effectually arrested by the firm grasp of a man's hand, which seized him by the arm with the force and the tenacity of a vise. He turned fiercely round. He was in no humor for the converse of casual acquaintances. Nor was it any gay convivialist or happier days whose face now greeted him; it was the old money-lender, who in a voice husky with the loss of breath, or possibly emotion, said, thrusting a couple of twenty-pound bank notes into West's hand: "Here, take these notes. Take them, I say," he repeated as the young man, dizzy with amazement, stammered out: "You accept, then, my terms?" "No," growled the usurer; "I give them to you. Do you understand me? I say I give them to you. I am an old man. I never gave away a shilling before in my life. Repay me if you will when and how it pleases you. I have no security; I ask no acknowledgment; I want none. I do not count upon it. It is gone!" and the usurer pronounced the last words with an effort which was heroic from the evident self-mastery which it cost him. "There! Go! go!" he resumed, "and take an old man's advice. Make money at all hazards, and never lend except on good security. Remember that!" The old man gently pushed West away, and all hatless and slippered as he was, ran back, muttering to his den, leaving the object of his mysterious generosity fixed like a statue of amazement in the center of the pavement. About three months had elapsed, when Bernard West once more knocked at the door of the money-lender. "Is Mr. Brace at home?" he inquired cheerfully. "Oh! if you please, sir, they buried him yesterday," replied the servant, with a look of curiously affected solemnity. "Buried him?" cried the visitor, with sincere disappointment and grief in his tone. "Yes, sir; perhaps you would like to see Miss Brace, if it's anything very particular?" "I should, indeed," said West; "and when she knows the cause of my visit I think she will excuse the intrusion." The servant gave an odd look, whose significance West was unable to divine, as she led the way to her young mistress's drawing-room. West entered timidly, for he doubted the delicacy of such a proceeding, though his heart was almost bursting with desire of expansion under the shock just received. A beautiful and proud-looking girl of nineteen or twenty years rose to meet him. Her

large blue eyes, which bore traces of many and recent tears, worked strangely upon his feelings, already sufficiently excited. "I came," he said, in his deep musical voice, "to repay a noble service. Will you permit me to share a grief for the loss of one to whom I owe my life—yes, more than my life?" West paused, and strove vainly to master the emotion which checked his utterance. "My father rendered you a service," said the young lady eagerly, regarding with involuntary interest the noble countenance of Bernard, which, though it still bore traces of great suffering, was no longer wild and haggard as at his interview with the money-lender. "A most unexpected and generous service," replied West, who, softening down the first portion of the scene we have described, proceeded to recount to the fair orphan the narrative of the great crisis in his destiny. "I knew it was so!" cried the young lady, almost hysterically affected; I knew he was not so grasping, so hard-hearted as they said—as he himself pretended. I knew he had a generous heart beneath all his seeming aversion! Oh, you are not the only one doubtless whom he has thus served!" West did not discourage the illusion. Nay, the enthusiasm of the charming woman before him was contagious. "Thanks to your father's disinterested liberty," he resumed, I am now in comparatively prosperous circumstances. I came not merely to discharge a debt; believe me, it is no common gratitude I feel! Doubtless you inherit all your father's wealth—doubtless it is but little service I can ever hope to render you. Yet I will venture to entreat you never to forget that you possess one friend of absolute devotion, ready at all times to sacrifice himself in every way to your wishes and to your happiness." West paused abruptly, for the singular expression of the young lady's features filled him with astonishment. "You do not know, then?"—she began. "Know what?" "That—I am a—natural child!" she completed, with a crimson blush, turning away her head as she spoke and covering her face with her hands; "that I am without fortune or relations; that my father died intestate; that the heir-at-law, who lives abroad, and without whose permission nothing can be done—moreover, who is said to be a heartless spendthrift—will take all my father's leaves; that I have but one more week given me to vacate this house by the landlord; in short, that I must work if I would not starve; that, in a word, I am a beggar!" And the poor girl sobbed convulsively, while Bernard West, on whom this speech acted as some terrible hurricane upon the trees of a tropical forest, tearing up as it were, by the roots all the terrible stoicism of his nature, and rousing hopes and dreams which he had long banished to the deepest and most hopeless abysses of his soul—while Bernard, we repeat, ventured to take her hand in his own and calm her painful agitation by such suggestions as immediately occurred to his mind. "In the first place," he said, "my dear Miss Brace, I come to repay to you your father's generous gift." "It belongs to his legal heirs; I cannot receive it with honor," said the money-lender's daughter, firmly. "Not so," replied West, gravely; "it was a free gift to me. I repay it by a natural, not a legal obligation;" and he laid the two twenty-pound notes upon the table. "Next," he resumed, "I have to pay a debt of gratitude. I owe my life to your father. Thus in a manner I have become his adopted son. Thus," he continued, impetuously, "I have a right to say to you, regard me as a brother, share the produce of my labor; render me happy in the thought that I am serving the child of my benefactor! To disdain my gratitude would be a cruel insult." "I cannot disdain it!" exclaimed the daughter of the usurer with a sudden impulse of that sublime confidence which a noble and generous soul can alone inspire. "Yes, I accept your assistance."

The face of Bernard brightened up as if by an electric agent. But how were the two children of sorrow comforted by the discovery that they were no longer alone, and that their conversation had been overheard by an utter stranger, who, leaning against the wall at the further end of the room near the door, appeared to survey them with an utter indifference to the propriety of such behavior! He was a man of between forty and fifty years; a great beard and mustache concealed the lower part of a swarthy but handsome countenance of rare dignity and severity of outline. His dress was utterly un-English. A vast mantle with a hood fell nearly to the ground, and he wore huge courier boots, which were still splashed, as from a journey. His great dark eyes rested with an expression of royal benevolence upon the two young people, towards whom he had advanced with a courteous inclination that, as if magnetically, repressed Bernard's first indignant impulse. "I am the heir-at-law," he said in a mild voice, as if he had been announcing a most agreeable piece of intelligence. "Then, sir," said Bernard, "I trust" quickly the foreign-looking man. "My children, do you know who I am? No! I will tell you. I am a monster who in his youth preferred beauty to ambition, and glory to gold. For ten years after attaining manhood I struggled on, an outcast from my family, in poverty and humiliation, without friends and often without bread. At the end of five more years I was a great man, and those who had neglected and starved and scorned me came to bow down and worship. But the beauty I had adored was dust and the fire of youthful hope quenched in the bitter waters of science. For ten years since I have wandered over the earth. I am rich; I may say my wealth is boundless, for I have but to shake few fancies from this brain to trace a few ciphers with this hand, and they become gold at my command. Yet, mark my words, my children! One look of love is, in my esteem, worth more than all the applause of an age or all the wealth of an empire!" The dark stranger paused for an instant, as if in meditation, then abruptly continued: "I take your inheritance, fair child!—I rob the orphan and the fatherless!" And the smile of disdainful pride which followed these words said more than whole piles of parchment renunciation as to his intention. Involuntarily the orphan and Bernard seized each a hand of the mysterious man beside them, who, silently drawing the two hands together and uniting them in his own, said, gently, "Love one another as you will, my young friends, yet spare at times a kind thought for the old wandering poet! Not a word! I understand you though you do not understand yourselves. It is as easy to tell a fortune as to give it." And was the prophecy realized? asks a curious reader. But no answer is needed, for if the prophecy were false, why record it? And pray, who was the stranger, after all? Too curious reader, it is one thing to tell stories and another to commit breaches of confidence. THE BOSS TRAMP. The father of tramps was captured here Saturday, and on Monday morning was taken before the Recorder and sent up for thirty days. He gave his name as McDonald, but had changed it so often that he probably did not know whether it was the real one or not. He had been in the business for 30 years and had resorted to every kind of a dodge imaginable. He had played deaf and dumb, blind, insane and the wounded old soldier, the reformed drunkard, the ship-wrecked mariner, and everything else he could think of, but had never been guilty of performing a day's work or knowing what it was to have a home. His chief end was to find the close of the day and place to stay over night.—Ogdensburg Journal. ADVENTURE OF A DRUMMER. The Edenburg (Penn.) Herald relates a story about a commercial drummer from Pittsburgh, who, considerably under the influence of liquor, mistook his route and drove his team upon the trestle-work of the Edenburg, Summit and Clarion Railroad supposing it to be the wagon road. The trestle bridge is 60 feet up from the ground, and about the same length, but the horses made the crossing, feeling their way in the darkness, step by step, every foot striking a tie securely, until the distance was traversed and they stood in safety on the other side; and just in the nick of time, too, as the night express came thundering by in five minutes after the team had left the track.

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ANOTHER DEAF-MUTE MINISTER.

ORDINATION OF SAMUEL ROWE, A DEAF-MUTE, OF WEST BOXFORD, MASS.

Last week we published a newspaper account of the ordination to the ministry of Mr. Samuel Rowe, which took place on the 20th of last February. Knowing but little of the particulars of the case we published the clipped article (which, by the way, gave a good newspaper account of the ceremonies,) without making any comments in regard to the matter. A letter from our friend Mr. Wm. B. Swett, of Marblehead, Mass., furnishes us with further particulars of the doings of the deaf-mutes, on that occasion, which we publish for the pleasure of our readers.

Our readers are already aware there are at the present time three persons, the only deaf-mutes who have ever been ordained to the Christian ministry, namely: Revs. H. W. Sylve, A. W. Mann, and Samuel Rowe, the last named being of the Congregational persuasion, the others of the Episcopalian.

Rev. Samuel Rowe has for a long time been doing missionary work for his brethren of New England. His labors in that capacity have been duly appreciated, and have resulted in much spiritual good. He is, as we are informed, a gentleman of kind and genial manners, and is an especial favorite among all by whom he is well known, and particularly, the deaf-mutes to whom he presents the bread of life.

On the morning of February 20th ten deaf-mutes, all told, were gathered in West Boxford, intent on witnessing the solemn and imposing ceremony connected with Mr. Rowe's ordination. Of that number, there were the candidate and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Atwood, and Miss Richardson, of Newburyport, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Swett, of Marblehead, Mass., and others of whose names we were not informed.

It was the first ordination of a deaf-mute in the New England portion of the Union, and much interest was manifested in the proceedings, the church being filled with people of the village and surrounding country. The deaf-mutes made their headquarters at the house of Mr. Rowe.

The morning hours were occupied in preliminary business connected with the ordination, and the reading of an address setting forth the reasons why Mr. Rowe, a deaf-mute, should be granted a preacher's license from the Congregational denomination of Christians. Eight ministers of the gospel were in attendance; two of them from Lawrence, one of whom is a trustee of the deaf-mute society of that city, and the others from Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists. The questions of the usual form were put and answered by the candidate by means of a slate and pencil. Mr. Rowe is not college educated, but possesses book-knowledge sufficient for all practical purposes, at least so far as is absolutely necessary in connection with his chosen calling, that of winning souls for Christ's Kingdom; and his ready answers plainly evinced the fact that he was fully conversant with the practical teachings of the Bible. According to the formula of interrogatories put to ministerial candidates in the Congregational Church, it was close questioning, and a rigid examination, but squarely met and satisfactorily responded to by him who has dedicated the future efforts of his life to his Master's cause.

One of the spectators at the ceremony, who was, perhaps, not well versed in the novelty of deaf-mute preaching, casually inquired of Mr.

Rowe if he delivered his sermons by means of a slate and pencil.

A beautiful dinner, got up by the ladies in and near West Boxford, for those who preferred it instead of going to their homes, was partaken of by a large number of people in the basement of the church.

At the appointed hour in the afternoon, (2 p. m.,) upon the ringing of the bell the people re-assembled in the church, space near the chancel being given to the deaf-mutes present. The church was nearly filled with people to witness the inauguration of something rather novel in the history of the Congregational Church, the admission of a deaf-mute to all the rites and privileges of its vast number of hearing and speaking members of Christ, who are putting forth their united efforts for the purpose of destroying Satan's kingdom and building up their Master's.

The services began with a voluntary from the choir, then followed an invocation of God's blessings, reading of scriptures, introductory prayer, the singing of a hymn, the ordination sermon, and then prayer for God's blessing on the newly-ordained minister. After the prayer the following hymn, written by a lady, expressly for the occasion, was sung:

The Sabbath bell, the preached word,
Sweet songs of praise ne'er to have heard,
The mother's tones, the prattling child,
The sounding sea, the tempest wild—
The voice of God in nature's voice,
Bidding His own in Him rejoice.
Never a sound the pulses stirred—
How sad the blank, ne'er to have heard.

But, sadder yet beyond compare
When we absorbed in worldly care,
Or held by fear that brings a snare,
Nor strong nor free to do or dare,
Neglect to speak the fitting word,
And live as if we ne'er had heard,
Neglect to sound His praises forth,
Whose life gave ours their weight and worth.

Who cannot hear, yet strive to heed,
Brother, to them go in their need,
Strong in His strength who hears the heart,
Proclaim His grace, His peace impart.
And in the silence so profound,
Unbroken by distracting sound,
Perhaps is heard more clear, above,
Music most sweet, His voice of Love.

The benediction was then pronounced, and the services were over. Congratulations having been extended, the audience dispersed in various directions.

Before the conclusion of the ceremonies Mrs. Atwood, by invitation, interpreted the hymn to the deaf-mutes, which she accomplished in such a pathetic and graceful style that there were but few dry eyes among the audience at her conclusion. The entire services were deeply interesting, and were watched and listened to with close attention throughout.

From the church the deaf-mutes, by invitation, repaired to the residence of Mr. Rowe, whose ordination to the ministry they had just witnessed, about one mile and a half distant, where they partook of a bountiful supper, prepared and presided over by the kind Mrs. Rowe, assisted by her sister, Mrs. Wyatt, and Mrs. Olive Macomber, of Central Village, Mass. These ladies did everything for the comfort and happiness of the party, and their kindness was duly appreciated, and will be long remembered. The evening was spent in very pleasant conversation; jokes were cracked and stories were related, till an hour came when exhausted nature taxed to her utmost powers of endurance, true to her instincts, demanded repose, and weary bodies sought relief from the rest offered by the remaining hours of the night.

In the morning, after partaking of a tempting breakfast, the visitors wished much future happiness for their entertainers, after which they went to their respective homes, greatly delighted with the ordination to which they had been silent but thoughtful spectators, and, we may most assuredly hope, fully realizing the solemnity of the rites, and the weighty responsibility resting upon the soul of the messenger of the Cross, who is duly clothed with the Church's power to perform the sacred work which he is commissioned to do.

The Rev. Samuel Rowe is, we are informed, intending to prosecute his ministerial labors in the State of Maine, where, as we are told, (the figures are too high,) there are five hundred deaf and dumb. But, regardless of the exact number, there are, unquestionably, considerable numbers of that class in the State, and, being like other people, democratic in religious as well as in other opinions, they comprise various denominations, of different creeds, with the same avowed object in view—that of being true disciples of Christ; and, consequently, there is no cause for the existence of any unkind or jealous feelings between the members of the denominations of different religious societies. Every honest Christian, is such, not because he or she belongs to this or that particular church in preference to any other, but

because he or she is trying to do to that which conscience says is right.

Some people feel more at home with one society than with any other, but it does not follow that that society is all right and the others all wrong; some people prefer to live in some one particular place or house; but it does not show that that one is better than all the rest.

We congratulate our deaf-mute Congregational friends of New England on the fact that they have such an able exponent of the doctrines of Christianity in the person of Rev. Samuel Rowe, and doubt not that his efforts for the saving of souls will meet with a bountiful harvest. While many of the deaf-mutes of the New England States may prefer Episcopalianism to that of other isms, there are, undoubtedly, many others whose choice is with some other denomination, and all will concede that it is proper and right to have ministers of different persuasions; and all good men, and faithful Christians, will rejoice to see the spirit of union between the different sects.

THE SLANDERER.

The man who goes from place to place circulating scandal as he goes, and, by his wholesale lies, or through his soft insinuations, which is more contemptible, is deserving of the most bitter contempt and execration of all respectable people.

Many persons, by retailing their gossip, without the least intention, are great sources of mischief, their intended innocent prattle often producing serious consequences affecting the reputations of persons, many of whom are, perhaps, above par, as regards moral integrity and purity of lives.

The slanderer, whether so from a vicious magnificence or unintentionally so through careless, worthless gabble, is one of the very worst enemies to good society. The thief may rob you of your purse and its contents, but in taking it from you he does not mar your reputation, and you may possibly replace the former, while it may take years, or a life-time, yea, perhaps part of eternity, to re-establish the proper status of one who has had to endure the withering curse, pronounced upon him or her who has, by malice or carelessness, been the subject of a blasted reputation.

Sooner or later, "chickens come home to roost," and although the "victim of" blows inflicted upon his or her moral and social standing in community which it requires years to overcome, the propagator of the evil is quite often sure to reap as he has sown, and in most cases he is finally a greater sufferer, in more ways than one, than the person whose character is assailed.

The common tale-bearer, usually with no thought of, or desire for creating social mischief, is in every instance, a prolific source of much evil, and is nearly as much to be dreaded, and often more abominated than he who is possessed of slanderous intentions.

"The busy body in other men's matters," with possibly no ill-will, not only provokes unkind feelings, but often works great evil, approaching that of the malicious slanderer.

Whoever adopts the plan, and lives up to the principle of speaking evil of none, but maintaining silence when there is nothing good that can be said of people is, indeed, a jewel in society, and deserves to wear a brighter crown than ever adorned an imperial head.

The man or woman who tries to build up a self-reputation by extracting, viper like, what there is of good in the character of others, builds, on a flimsy foundation, a structure of straws that, when truth and justice prevail, will be blown out of existence by the contempt of sensible people, as easily as the morning dew is licked up by the sun's mid-summer heat.

The slanderer is a moral pest, not worth the room he occupies; detested by all good society, hated by his own evil companions and richly deserving of the future punishment which he receives.

BASE BALL.

A matched game of base ball was played at Washington, D. C., March 1st, between the Kendalls and Gallaudets, with the following results:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
Gallaudets	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0
Kendalls	5	0	5	0	0	3	8	5	25	

We are told that this is one of the best games ever played on the college grounds.

About 150 buildings were destroyed by the recent conflagration at Hot Springs, Ark., and thousands of people are homeless. Aid is needed. The loss is estimated at \$300,000; insurance, said to be \$25,000. But few hotels were burned.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to alter into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep supplied with items for this column; mark them so sent: *The Itemizer*.

The "devil" of the *Ranger* is high-toned. Professor Buchanan, of the Michigan Institution, is a father.

The *Mirror* issued a supplement on Washington's Birthday.

They have begun to eat garden vegetables at the Texas Institution.

The *Tablet* hints that it knows where the gold pen of J. E. Tuttle is going.

The Kentucky Institution has successfully run the gamut of legislative visit.

The *Gazette* is a fair way to get its tickler. It has cost reflections on the *Tablet's* French.

Mrs. M. E. Finney, of Kalamazoo, Mich., lately visited the Michigan Deaf-Mute Institution.

One hundred and fifty dollars have lately been expended for books at the Nebraska Institution.

The Michigan Institution is having its ceilings made of wood. Plaster won't stand the treading overhead.

It cost \$40 dollars to fill the ice-house of the Michigan Institution. The quality is reported excellent.

We hope the bad state of Virginia finances will not seriously affect the working of the Virginia Institution.

"I. M." does up the locals at the New York Institution, in the *Educator*, under the heading of "Inside Peeps."

It turns out that the class of deaf-mutes averaging 21 years should be credited to Mississippi, and not to Kansas.

The *Star* thinks that the *Index* is smart to make its wood-cuts all up so much of its space and save composition.

Rev. Dr. Clerc was rector of one of the St. Louis Episcopal churches a number of years ago. He is now at Philadelphia, Penn.

The *Gazette* man is going into the Highlands next vacation; conditionally, however, that he is not to waste any dollars or hunt for certain logs.

Very venomous indeed must be the mind of the man who could tant an arithmetic that was rather hard of hearing with being a deaf and der.

Mrs. Hannah Morley, for years a faithful worker in the sewing-rooms of the Michigan Institution, was recently married to Thomas Warren, of Flint, Mich.

Prior, Platt, formerly of the Minnesota and Philadelphia Institutions, called at the Nebraska Institution recently, while on his way to California, health-hunting.

W. S. Cooper was a deaf-mute who was killed on the railroad track. His administrator has brought suit against the railroad company for \$30,000 damages.

Edward Coningland, a prominent but deaf lawyer, of North Carolina, was recently the victim of the locomotive. Of course he was walking the railroad track.

The Kansas Institution girls have pledged themselves not to marry a man who drinks or uses tobacco, and the *Star* gives expression to fears of an increase of old maids.

A Michigan Institution girl on learning what the *Kentucky Deaf-Mute* said against girls being employed as type-setters said: "I wonder what sized hat the fellow who wrote that?"

The foreman of the *Kentucky Deaf-Mute* slept in a house one night, and the house caught fire. He had a narrow escape. Getting on his clothes and one sock he possessed the other and ran.

This is what a Legislative Committee discovered in the Maryland Institution. Query—"Do you get enough to eat?" Pupil—"No." Query—"What do you want?" Pupil—"Cakes!"

Some sickness and scrambled weather at the Kansas Institution—*Index*. We know but little about that kind of weather, but we often hear of scrambled eggs, and would like some if we could get them.

Ticks being some snow in Nebraska, several of the pupils got a sleigh ride; but the snow did not hold out long enough for all to go, and some are waiting for a special winter to come and accommodate them.

There is fun even in a deaf-mute school-room. This from one in Nebraska. Teacher to pupil in geography—"Where is your nose?" Pupil, after scanning the map, gets hold of an analogy, and answers "In Florida!"

The *Texas Mule Linger* is the name of a new Institution paper. It is very welcome; and we are glad to see a paper springing from the very soil that once grew a vigorous protest against all publications of the kind.

The *Mirror* may rest assured that it has not a case of plagiarism just yet. The item respecting the *Gazette's* tickler was written a good while before the *Mirror's* appeared; but, as is frequently the case, got crowded out and laid over a week.

Somebody has ineffectually referred to the "Educator" as, "but that paper, true to its title, reminds him that good grammar demands the possessive, and appears quite content to see written, the 'Educatr's' ass."

"F. D. C." has an instructive article, in the *Educator*, about persimmon caps. We don't mean to be irrelevant, but are reminded very forcibly of Tom Hood's deaf old lady, who might have worn a persimmon cap, and been knocked on the head without hearing it snap.

The *Educator* has in an enigma which reads very much like a *releche*, and now, lost this item gets crowded out for a week or two, and the *Mirror* man meantime makes the same guess, and indicates that we stole it we put on record, now and here, that we are writing this on the evening of the 7th of March.

"M. T. P." has a nice little poem in the *Educator*, commemorating her little dog, whose bark is silent in the land. It was Byron, we believe, who closes an inscription on the monument to his Newfoundland with these lines:

To mark a friend's genuine stone arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

The girls at the Kansas Institution jump the rope to bring the rope to their cheeks. Their example is worthy of imitation by many other girls who do not go to school, as far as exercise is resorted to for that or other healthful purposes, but jumping the rope is not the only healthful exercise. There are many useful employments, which are conducive to health, which may be found profitable.

From the *Mirror* account of the Michigan Institution examination, it is plain that those of the Central New York Institution excel in rigidity. The essential feature, as applied to all classes and written answers, is applied to all classes in above one year's school classes. A committee of teachers and a committee of one—those of the principal—have a divorce. We gave some figures of the result of the Christmas examinations in New York. Will the *Mirror* give some from Michigan? On what basis are results computed there?

We learn from an exchange, dated March 5th, that a fever, supposed to be typhoid, has broken out at the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Belleville, Can. Four pupils have died within a few days, and ten or fifteen others are prostrated. The Ontario Government has ordered an inquiry into the cause of the epidemic, which is supposed to be impure water. A good deal of medical testimony was taken, which showed that the fever was beyond doubt typhoid. After viewing the water supply from the bay, where it was found that the mouth of the main sewer is but two hundred and thirty-five feet from the supply pipe, and that of another seven hundred feet, the jury came to the conclusion that the fever was caused by the pollution of the water by this means.

Mr. Geo. Darwin, after a searching investigation, concludes that "the widely different habits of life of men and women in civilized nations, especially among the upper classes, tend to counterbalance any evil from marriage between healthy closely related persons." Dr. Darwin's views are, in a measure, sustained by Dr. Vorn's inquiry into the cause of Ditz-Batz in a rocky, secluded, ocean-washed peninsula of the Loire Inférieure, France, containing over three thousand people of simple habits, who don't drink, and commit no crime. For generations they have intermarried, but no cases of deaf-mutism, albinism, blindness or malformation, and the number of children born is above the average.

Among the many mutes present at Rev. A. W. Mann's last service in St. Louis, March 3d, was Mrs. Emily J. Frame, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., who came fully a hundred miles for the sole purpose of meeting her mute friends at divine worship. Mrs. Frame was one of the early graduates of the Kentucky Institution, and a pupil of Superintendent Kerr, of the Missouri Institution. She has been married three times to hearing gentlemen, the last being Dr. Frame, at one time surgeon in the Confederate army, under Gen. Jeff. Thompson, operating in Arkansas and Missouri. Mrs. Frame, at the time, acted as nurse to the sick and wounded, and had some very narrow escapes from capture by the Federals. At one time her father was very wealthy, being the owner of a hundred negroes, and much other property. The former were freed during the war, and much of the latter lost in various ways afterward. Mrs. Frame still owns some property in Girardeau, which yields her a moderate income.

We have received the annual report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb for the year 1877. A heavy blow fell upon the institution during the year—the death of William Welsh, Vice-President of the Board of Directors. At a special meeting of the Board, held on the 13th of Feb., 1878, the Secretary offered some remarks relative to the character and services of Mr. Welsh as a director of the institution, a philanthropist and a patriot. Mr. Welsh had rendered highly valuable services in aid of the institution; he was a gentleman of great integrity of character, well known in business circles and his death was deeply deplored. There were in the institution, on the first of January, 1877, 316 pupils, viz: 180 boys and 136 girls. Admitted during the year, 39 boys and 30 girls. Remaining Jan. 1, 1878, 188 boys and 133 girls; total, 326. Of this number, 280 are supported by the State of Pennsylvania; 26 by New Jersey; 7 by State of Philadelphia; 9 by their friends or by the institution; 1 by Crozer Scholarship; 1 by John Wright Scholarship. No change has been made in the number of the classes. The pupils, generally, enjoyed good health, and no death occurred during the year. Abraham B. Perkins, a valuable member of the institution, died on the 10th of Jan. The treasurer's account with the institution shows: Receipts, \$174,585.89; expenditures, \$148,209.50; balance in hands of treasurer, Oct. 1, 1877, \$26,314.33. Sixty-one pupils were discharged during the year, thirty-nine of whom completed their full term. Of the twenty-two who left before their time was out, three have entered other institutions, three left on account of impaired health or defective eyesight, two on account of incapacity to learn, two because their parents had removed out of the State, and the rest, mostly boys, to be put to work by their parents. Of the sixty-one pupils, the average time of their residence in the institution was a little over five years. The results of the year's work in the school-rooms and in the shops were very satisfactory.

ITEMS FOR FARMERS.

The loss by hog cholera in Illinois, as reported to the department of agriculture for the year 1877, was \$1,588,415.

The female cancer worm ascends apple trees early in the spring—frequently in warm weather in March, to lay her eggs. Look out for her.

It is now time to prepare for hot beds. It is necessary to have the bed prepared, and part of the extra heat of fermentation to pass off before seeds are sown.

At a recent farmers' meeting in Massachusetts a speaker gave a recipe for making farming pay, as follows: "Have but one business, and get up and see to it yourself."

A lump of rock salt kept in a shed or under cover, where the animals can lick it at will, is the safest way to give this necessary condiment. Given to excess it is hurtful, especially to pigs.

From the middle of February to the middle of May stock requires peculiar care, and especially young stock. Food is cheap, and by all means keep the stock improving. Any other course is the height of folly in a farmer.

The Illinois State Agricultural Department reports that there are 342,582 acres of orchard in Illinois, and that the produce from these orchards last year was worth the very handsome sum of \$3,589,582, or \$10.47 per acre.

Lending has in all ages been the device of wealth to acquire the possessions of the poor; and borrowing has always been the high road on which shiftlessness has traveled to want. The Hebrew laws put a gate across the highway; forbade usury; warned the inexperienced against becoming security for their neighbors; discouraged the system of pledges and pawnbroking and mortgages; and, in so far as the law can accomplish this, compelled the poor to bear the pinch of their poverty at the outset, and not to aggravate the difficulty by fleeing from the privations of day-to-day into the dangerous relief of a debt to-morrow.

Local Paragraphs.

We hear that some of the farmers had a good run of sap last week.

B. G. Eaton, of Jackson, Mich., is staying in town for a few days.

Some of the farmers in this town began their plowing last week.

Miss Mary Alton, of Clinton, N. Y., is visiting friends in this village.

The early morning songs of the robins give the appearance of spring.

Mrs. P. M. Carpenter, of Plank Road, N. Y., is visiting friends in this village.

The frogs have so far revived from their slumbers as to commence peeping.

George Davis has moved into the house formerly owned by Wesley Smith.

Mr. Lawrence Stevens lately received a visit from a brother living in Schenectady.

Harlow Curtiss, of Syracuse, has been spending a few days in this vicinity lately.

The streets in town, and the roads out of town, have been drying out very fast for the past few days.

Anthony Severance and family, of this village, are about moving on to a farm in the town of Richland.

Edwin Ames, Sen., has been very sick for a few days. We are glad to hear that he is getting better.

Mrs. Salladin, who has been to Chicago to bring back her daughter, returned with her last Monday night.

Will Flint has purchased a lot of Charles Copp, north of Mr. Copp's, and is digging a cellar preparatory to building a house.

Some of the house-painters in this village have commenced work, after having a few months of rest from last summer's labor.

Mrs. Dr. J. U. Manwarren, who has been in very poor health for several years, is confined to the house, but is feeling more comfortable.

Miss Lydia Salladin, of this town, who has been very low for several weeks past, died last Friday morning. Her funeral was held at the house, on Sunday.

It is reported that the town hall building committee have closed, or will soon do so, the bargain with T. W. Skinner for land on which to build the hall.

Peter McKinley is digging a cellar and laying foundation walls near his father's house, where he will remove the house that he bought of E. L. Huntington.

The Reehabite Reading Rooms are open to the public every day and evening in the week. They are very well patronized and, we presume, will acquire much good.

Charles Whitney, who came from Iowa, about the last of February, reports that farmers were sowing wheat when he left, and corn was being planted in some portions of Illinois which he came through.

The Half-Dime Sociable for the benefit of the M. E. Church will be held at the house of T. W. Skinner, Wednesday evening, March 13th. A general invitation is extended to old and young.

Mrs. Twedell (Mr. Lawrence Stevens' mother,) died at about seven o'clock last Monday evening. Her funeral is held to-day (Wednesday) at 2 p. m. The relatives of the deceased lady have the community's sympathy.

A large number of the Chandler family were gathered at L. H. Conklin's one day last week, for a short visit. Mrs. Conklin having been unable to attend the golden wedding of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Chandler.

Mrs. H. C. Bowen, wife of the proprietor of the New York *Independent*, gave us a call last Tuesday, accompanied by Miss Sarah Webb, of this village. Mrs. Bowen is staying with some of her friends in this village for a few days.

Town Hall is one of the leading subjects of conversation. The question of location is still agitating the people. The vote of the electors was in favor of Skinner's lot, at least a majority of the votes, but Mrs. Homer, Ballard offers a lot, free of cost, in Railroad street, next to the Empire House, and a contribution of \$100 cash besides. Mrs. C. D. Snell offers to sell a lot for the Town Hall, in Main street, and John Driggs offers, if it is built there, to give 300 towards its erection.

Dr. Benjamin E. Bowen, one of our most highly-respected citizens, a long resident of our place, and formerly, for many years, a skillful practitioner in this locality, died at his residence, in this village, early on the morning of March 12th. He had been confined to the house but a few days, but had been suffering from a very painful disease for some time past. He went to the polls and voted on election day, March 5th, although he was too unwell to be out at that time. For the last few days of his life he was a great sufferer. In the death of Dr. Bowen his family and relatives have lost a kind-hearted father and friend, and this community a highly honorable citizen.

Last week Wednesday night, a little before eleven o'clock, some of our citizens, who were not sleeping too sound to prevent it, heard a faint cry of "fire." The next morning we were informed that the barn, on the land owned by Mrs. Samuel Smith, a short distance west of the railroad depot, had burned to the ground during the night. No fire having been kept in the building, the conflagration is supposed to have

been the work of an incendiary. The building was occupied by Newell Gustin for the storage of butter tubs and horse-poles, of which it contained a large amount, on which we are told there was an insurance of \$3,000. We hear that there was no insurance on the building.

The best school exhibition we have witnessed in a long time was given by the scholars of G. W. Hawley, Principal, and Miss Nettie Lyman, Assistant Teacher, of Public School No. 8, in this village. The exhibition was held in Empire Hall, according to previous announcement, Friday and Saturday evenings, March 8th and 9th. Every one of those taking a part, or parts, in the exercises did the very best, and, without fear of being accused of using flattery, that each and all did well. The ease and grace with which all performed their parts gave abundant evidence that the scholars had received much

Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

Washington's Birthday at the Maryland Deaf-Mute Institution—Other Matters.

FREDERICK, Md., Feb. 27, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me pleasure to send you some items of events which have lately transpired here.

On the 22d of February, in honor of the birthday of George Washington, the schools were all closed and business was generally suspended. The day had a thorough holiday appearance, though the atmosphere was murky, keeping everything out doors in a damp and chilly condition. Sunshine, shadow, and little showers of rain visited us alternately.

After the morning chapel service, held by the writer, some of the pupils were selected to practice and prepare for the evening entertainment, while others amused themselves in the playroom. Had it not been for the inclement weather, they would have had the pleasure of rambling in the country.

Early in the afternoon the boys, obtaining permission from the Principal, resorted to the city to witness the new steam engine, No. 3, of the United Fire Company, which arrived in this city, from New York, last Thursday. The engine, manufactured by Clappe & Jones, of New York, is an admirable and symmetrical piece of machinery. The boys of Frederick drew it from the United Engine House, and placed it in the middle of North Market street, near Church street, for a trial. A stream of water was thrown several feet over the Old Reformed Church steeple, about 200 feet high, amid the shouts of a great multitude of spectators. The firemen consider it one of the most efficient and substantial engines in this city.

After supper the pupils assembled in the spacious dining-room, where they amused themselves with various games. Half an hour later the masqueraders made their appearance in the dining-room, looking like a brilliant train of fairies, in magnificent fancy costumes, and paraded around the room. The other pupils and officers were seated in a row, to witness the display. Wm. R. Barry, Esq., one of our Board of Directors, was in command of the Masqueraders, as drum-major. Their parade, which lasted half an hour, excited greater admiration and delight in those who were present than any thing of the kind had ever done before. In one of their evolutions, they formed themselves into a beautiful cross. The whole affair had previously been managed and drilled by Miss Annie B. Barry, and some other lady teachers, and it passed off with success and credit. At last they were placed in a curved line in the back part of the room, the Herald took a central position before them, and gave a signal for the masqueraders to show what character each represented, and they stepped forward, one by one, and made a graceful bow to Prof. Ely, who was introduced to them by the drum-major, and then they dispersed.

The following are the names of the masqueraders and the characters they personated: George A. Gallion, Herald; Miss Sadie E. Arnold, Folly; Miss Rose R. Harris, Italian Lady; George W. Veditz, Old King Cole; Miss Louise Quarengasser, Morning Star; Altes Brandick and John B. Smith, Organ-grinder and Monkey; Miss Henrietta Wicks, Goddess of Liberty; Miss Margaret Getz, Night; Miss Alice Chambers, Lady Washington; John A. Trundle, Turk; Miss Cora E. Brown, Quaker; Walter Ireland, Indian; Miss Florence H. Veitch, Princess of Erin; Harry Gill, Page; Miss Ella E. Perogoy, Spanish Lady; Ed. Ramsay, Sailor; Adolph Knoechel, Highland Lad; Miss Annie B. Barry, Princess of Thule; Wm. Gill, Page; Miss Mandela Dutrow, Phantom; Frank Ying, Boot Black; Miss Margaret Schuman, Gipsy; Ed. S. Beetle, Clown; Miss Hannah L. Turner, Old Woman; Louis Kampe, Irishman; Miss O. A. Crumbacker, Russian Lady; W. R. Barry, Drum-Major; W. R. Barry, Mammoth Baby; Mrs. Juliet Barry, Mother.

A few minutes after the regular parade the Mammoth Baby appeared dressed in white, with a crying mask, and its mother with a white cap. The children were both surprised and delighted at the sight of the big baby. It walked about, and acted so funny that it made us laugh till our sides ached. After spending some time in amusements Prof. Ely directed all the pupils to sit side by side, in two rows, face to face, and they were treated to refreshments, and their eager appetites were fully satisfied. Upon the conclusion of the entertainment a short prayer was offered by a teacher, after which we retired, delighted with the pleasures of the evening.

I am glad to add that James H. Dean, Esq., former steward of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and his brother-in-law, Wm. Pickens, Esq., lately clerk of the Custom House in Baltimore, are to take possession of the Dill House, in Frederick, on the first day of April. Mr. Dean whose gentlemanly deportment and affability have made him hosts of friends in this district, will, we sincerely believe, conduct the hotel with success and satisfaction.

Mrs. Emily A. Lewis went to Chicago on the 19th inst., regretting that she could not go on a visit to her friends in New York, as she had hoped to do. We received word from her that she had arrived at Chicago safely, in time to meet Mr. Lewis. They were invited to attend a party of deaf-mutes at Clarendon Hills, Ill., on the 22d inst., with Messrs. Williams and Emery, who are day-school teachers of deaf-mutes, in Chicago. After having spent some time with her acquaintances in Illinois, she will return home in Anamosa, Iowa, having enjoyed a furlough of six months, which I believe has profited her health.

C. M. G.

What Professor Job Turner is Doing in The South.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 6, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Truly do I wish that you knew what a grand time your friend is having, and what blessings God is showering upon him. To my great surprise, and gratification, I find my work much more pleasant and prosperous than I expected. To a good education, and especially to God belongs the success of my mission.

Last Saturday evening I found myself in Raleigh, N. C., for the first time in my life. Mr. Gudge, the principal of this institution, extends to your friend the courtesies of the institution during his stay. I am so much pleased with this fine city that I wish I could stay here a few weeks longer, but my field is so extensive that I regret to have to deny myself that pleasure. This city looks like a New England town. It is a pleasant place. It is healthy. One of the doctors called on me yesterday, and told me that he had had 456 cases of sickness within twelve months, and had not lost one by death.

I held services before the pupils of both white and colored institutions last Sunday morning and evening. Governor Vance came to see your correspondent, but he had gone to church, for communion. The next day I called on him at the capitol, and found him very pleasant. He is and has been well known throughout the United States for many years. I shall have the pleasure of dining with him and the principal this afternoon. He seems interested in the work in which the missionary is engaged. He is the right man in the right place.

At the request of the principal, I examined the white and colored pupils in his presence, and am surprised to find the most of them smart.

It must be a matter of pride with Governor Vance and the citizens of this State that, in all their poverty, they have not neglected the helpless and unfortunate.

The Governor told me that he would be glad to have me visit the insane asylum and other public buildings. They are building a large additional one in the West for whites, and one in the East for blacks. Much cotton is raised around this place.

They tell me that they have had no snow here this winter. It is so warm that we have the windows open. We take meals with the doors open. I walk out without my light overcoat. I travel with two overcoats, heavy and light. I use the heavy one in cold and wet weather, or while traveling all night.

One of the teachers, Mr. Thomas H. Tillinghast, was formerly one of my pupils at Staunton. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see him doing well in the world. He got married to an amiable deaf-mute lady, a native of North Carolina. I am surprised to find many pretty and smart deaf-mute girls in North Carolina.

The principal is taking great pains to learn how to teach the deaf and dumb, and bids fair to become a good principal, which I can easily see in his eye. He says he will try to make this as good an institution as any. He can make signs well.

I have visited one of the graded schools, by invitation, and was much gratified to find it as skillfully managed as the New England schools. There is to be a service for deaf-mutes, at the church of the Good Shepherd, to-morrow night.

I shall leave here for Charlotte, N. C., next Friday at noon to hold service next Sunday, and go on to Cedar Springs, S. C., next Monday to visit the South Carolina Deaf-Mute Institution, after which I shall proceed to Columbia, S. C., next Wednesday or Thursday, not only to hold service but also to visit my old friend, Dr. Plumer, one of the ablest clergymen in the United States. Then I shall turn my face towards Charleston, S. C., where I hope to find a large mail waiting for me. I learn there is one there. I assure you, my dear friend, that it would give me gratification to write more, but I am so much occupied that I must beg you to excuse me. God bless you all.

Yours sincerely, JOB TURNER.

NEWS FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 4, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Who can better judge of a person's diligence than an editor of a correspondent?

Here the spring is with us again, very punctual this year, and enough to shame your tardy correspondent; but still human nature is apt to drop in an excuse; and, as human nature is the same the world over, mine will be on the plea of having so little of importance to note down.

Three weeks ago to-day what a shade of sadness seemed to rest upon the city when it became known that William Welsh, the friend of the needy, and one of our most eminent citizens, was dead. The feeling will long prevail that we, in particular, have lost a most useful benefactor and faithful friend, and the country an active philanthropist. Never idle, he was always ready to encourage the deserving, relieve those in want, and lend a helping hand to his struggling fellow creatures. We shall, indeed, miss his pleasant face, beaming with frankness and kind benevolence. Out of respect to the memory of the deceased school was suspended on the day of his funeral, and several of the business houses of the city were closed. We have just had issued our annual report in which is a very interesting account of Mr. Welsh and his death, with several touching remarks by the Secretary of the Board of Directors of this institution, J. J. Barclay, Esq.

Last Saturday, at the invitation of Mr. George W. Childs, Esq., of the *Public Ledger*, several of the scholars of the oldest class went to his large and handsome building to have a peep at the presents General Grant has received while abroad. We were shown into Mr. Childs' private office, where the presents were spread out on a table, in the centre of the most elegant room I ever saw. The handsomest of all were several boxes of solid gold, each beautifully engraved and containing the freedom of the city from which it came. Among the others we saw several books from the laboring men of England, and a box, made from the wood of a tree planted by Shakespeare at that historical spot and Mecca of so many pilgrims, Stratford-on-Avon.

The engraving, especially, is exquisite. One of the pupils on expressing admiration, also expressed the hope that the General would never mistake them for the boxes in which he keeps his Havanas. All the presents were very fine, and gave us a good idea of the homage paid him while at the different courts of Europe. We did not fail to notice with what an eye to taste and elegance Mr. Childs' office is fitted up. Nearly all of the furniture possesses some peculiar interest, and was purchased at the late Centennial Exposition. In one corner stands a complete suit of armor, and around the room are hung swords and helmets, (certainly not Mambrino's.) In another corner is a handsome cabinet, filled with rare and old china plate, which Mr. Childs has collected. Opposite each other, near this cabinet, stand two splendid clocks with two large barometers hanging between them. One of these clocks, we were told, is three hundred years old, and of Dutch handiwork; and, yet,

"This ancient time piece says to all
Forever-never! Forever-never!"

We were, also, shown through the type-setting and printing rooms. The latter interested us more as it contains the largest printing press in the world, and prints 100,000 papers daily.

While in one of Mr. Childs' private rooms, one of the young ladies took a seat in one of the soft velvet chairs, which, the usher informed us, the ex-President had once occupied; whereupon about half of our little party, who were, perhaps, ambitious of having some claim to greatness, suddenly remembered that they were very tired, and each chose that chair for their resting-place, and all were, for a time, nursed in the lap of luxury. After

seeing the process of engraving on wood, and going through the room where the bills for theatre companies and opera troupes are made, we at last left the building, much pleased with our visit.

The other day a disgusted looking mathematician in our class exclaimed, "What table is it that has no legs, but plenty of heads and tails, and yet it puzzles little chaps to find them?" (The multiplication table.)

Now that the pleasant days of spring have appeared the children frequent the yard more than ever, and the young ladies have returned to their favorite amusement, croquet on the grassy lawn.

Mr. Benjamin Pratt has resigned his position as teacher; not because he was dissatisfied with the officers and management of the institution, as he was well pleased with them, but because he found the exertion of teaching always brought on his old enemy, nervous headache. He will sail for the Sandwich Islands this month, and there he intends to reside with his brother Amasa. There among the sugar canes and Pacific breezes, we hope a free out-door life will better agree with him than the sedentary labors of the classroom.

KEYSTONE.

A Washington's Birthday Surprise Party in Marion, N. Y.

On the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, a surprise party, first planned and suggested by Miss Hattie S. Johnson, of Palmyra, was held at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hram Cogswell, in Marion, about nine miles from Palmyra.

Some of the advanced pupils of the Rochester Deaf-Mute Institution, accompanied by the Supervisor, took the 7:30 A. M. train for Palmyra, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, arriving there at about 8:30, where we met Miss Johnson's brothers and friend, Mr. Riley Eddy. They kindly packed us in their covered sleigh and cutters, and before ten o'clock we were on our way rejoicing. Although the snow was, in some places, too thin for good sleighing, we went on as merrily as we could, under all the circumstances. In the course of the ride the bob-sleigh, as it plodded along between the road and fence, tilted over slightly, throwing one of the pupils, Wm. Eastman, into a snow drift, while the girls escaped their fall by grasping the gallants' arms, which accident only served to give zest to our fun and mirth. Whoever had a sleigh ride without a tip over?

At noon we brought up before the brown stone house of our friend the mute, Marion Cogswell, who suddenly appeared with his eyes wide open and full of surprise. He had calculated upon going to Rochester to make a call, but the rain forced him to remain under shelter.

Various pleasant amusements were invented and played for several hours, after which a delicious collation awaited us, and we ate it, (and I add?) with all the veracity of hungry sleigh riders. The eatables were rich, and temptingly arranged. Then we frolicked and carried on, had games and played jokes, danced some, and filled up the time with jollity and irresistible fun, to our hearts' content, until near seven o'clock P. M., at which time we started for the depot leaving behind us, Marion, but with our memories crowded full of happy recollections. The train brought us back to Rochester at 10 P. M., and that night we lived over in our dreams the happy time at Marion Cogswell's, and we awoke in the morning to find it a thing of the past.

We all agreed that our party was the greatest success of the season. Our sincere thanks are due Mr. and Mrs. Cogswell and Miss Johnson's family, for doing their best to make our visit very agreeable, and we shall not soon forget it.

I have no doubt that most of your readers have the curiosity to know who attended the party. So I will mention their names, as follows: Mr. and Mrs. C. Cuddeback, Mr. Hadden and his amiable daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Acker, Mr. Wm. Hobing, and Miss Ella Sprague; Misses Cora Whittleton, Mary Hazard, Rosa Talpen, and Flora Willey. Wm. Eastman, T. J. Gotsinger and M. D. Buck remained at Mr. Cogswell's until the next morning when they returned home, feeling much refreshed and pleased with the country scenery, which was probably novel to them.

Messrs. Rumrill and Miles were eagerly expected; but it is supposed that the dark clouds or the accident on the Hudson River Railroad doomed their contemplated anticipations.

Yours Respectfully,
SIDNEY HERBERT HOWARD.

The three things most difficult are: to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

THE CLOUD AND THE ARGUMENT.

The air was calm; the sky was clear,
No storm seemed brewing far or near;
All nature lay serene;
The sunbeams shed their golden light,
For no waste wind—no withering blight,
Had swept across the scene.

A sound was heard! A low deep tone;
It fell upon one heart alone—
And froze it as it fell.
'Twas mine! I raised my trembling eyes,
And saw fast gathering in the skies—
A cloud I knew too well.

A dark speck it had seemed before,
Like Venus, as she transits o'er
Her center's fiery disc.
From brightest rays my path 'twould shroud
So gently, that I viewed that cloud
As love and mercy mixed.

Yet oft I feared it—when the way
Seemed lone, and gloomed the light of day,
Lest it should swell in doom;
But when soft shade 'twould o'er me throw,
I thought, if 'twould not larger grow,
My cloud my greatest boon.

But now it was no summer cloud,
But black with thunder, folding round,
Like shroud or funeral pall:
I crouched beneath, and bade the earth
Receive me, as she gave me birth,
Ere it should burst and fall.

I once had thought that nothing dear
To nature could detain me here,
From Heaven—that goodly part:
But oh! how many golden chains
Now whispered, that the earth in reins
Still held my trembling heart.

I could not bear that all should go—
Should vanish in that cloud of woe
Which hovered in the air.
The land of silence, cold and new,
Yawned open! and my soul fore-knew
Her desolation there.

It came! Loved voices die away—
Sweet sounds and tones of love decay:
Alone I stem life's tide!
My rather! could it be that he—
Ruthless—astute—had torn from me
Gifts his own hands provide?

'E'en so—for with a magic power
That falling torrent in one hour
Submerged each dear delight!
And I, with taste still fresh and keen,
Ere all the joys that once had been
Beheld them nought but blight.

Oh what a waste! In sad amaze
I stooped, my drooping flowers to raise—
They seemed no longer mine:
When lo! my inmost soul was stirred;
A sweet, unearthly voice I heard—
I knew it was divine.

If sweet the voice, still dearer lay
The hand that drew my eyes away
From what was late so fair,
It led me to a desert land—
Nought was beneath my feet but sand;
But He was with me there.

He said "Why chide me? Hast thou ne'er
Besought that I would nothing spare
To keep thee near my side?"
I argued, that I still could pray
Him take my heart; but that this way
Seemed hard for him to guide.

He told me, nothing else would wean
My heart from earth's polluted scene,
Make him supremely dear.
Had he e'er proved unfaithful yet;
Past ways of love could I forget,
And think him now severe?

He showed me all the earthly chains
Which once had held me as in reins,
In his blest hand now risen:
He told me Heaven was mine instead,
Heaven's portals opened o'er my head,
And more—that he was Heaven!

And then I thought He'd take me there;
That cloud, His herald to prepare,
For what now seemed so near;
And as the warbled bird can rest,
When homeward bound, she spies her nest,
I passed, His call to hear.

But no; He said I must not e'en
Linger in that blest desert scene,
Where he had chased my care;
But turn my steps to where the cloud
Had fallen, Nature's hopes to shroud,
And bear His fragrance there.

I asked, what use I there could be,
Now blighted. Surely none but He
Could deem me aught but cost.
'Return,' He said, "and prove that thou,
Hast found Me all sufficient now,
For aught that thou hast lost."

"Prove, by a brow of holy peace,
That 'twas no heartless, light caprice,
That made me smite mine own:
I only gave thee thy request—
And now contentment, joy and rest,
Over thy path have thrown."

"Have not an anxious, restless care,
That no great service thou canst share;
I only ask thy heart.
Sit at my feet unseen, unknown
By every eye but mine alone;
From thee I'll never part."

"Be thy calm lot a silent voice
To those still wavering in their choice
Twixt earth and things above:
Ambition would have made thee soar,
Be now a vessel, nothing more;
A vessel of my love."

Thus did he speak, in accents soft;
My answers worthless, thankless oft,
I now am satisfied.
The love that wore through my self-will—
(That wondrous love!) my cup shall fill,
Whatever may betide.

Brantford, Ont.

BIG EARS.

When a St. Louis girl gets the ear ache, they take the fair sufferer down to the levee, put a bale or a bale and a half of cotton into the ear affected and play some pargoric upon it from a chemical engine. This rarely fails to effect a cure.—*Chicago Tribune*. And when a Chicago belle has the ear ache they treat her in the same way, only they don't go out anywhere for the bale or two of cotton. They usually find it about the sufferer.—*St. Louis Republic*.

—Chicago has 2,800 saloons.

A SURPRISE PARTY AT REV. H. W. SYLE'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Mar. 8, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 5th of February the mates of this city gave Rev. and Mrs. Sytle a surprise party. There were 41 persons present. Among them were Miss Howard, of New York, Miss Dearing, of Georgia, and Mr. Loew, of Austria. Mrs. Sytle has a nice large parlor, and all passed the time very pleasantly in conversation and playing parlor games. In the midst of our enjoyment we were surprised by the entrance of a large colored lady, with a small market basket, filled with provisions. At a glance we all suspected it was some trick. After trying to guess that it was this or that person, to our great surprise it turned out to be Mr. Loew. It was a perfect disguise. Some of the ladies present knew who he was, but did not betray him. All enjoyed the joke very much. By that time a nice table, spread with delicious dainties, was ready and we were all invited out to partake of what was on it. Most of the cakes were made by some of the ladies. All pronounced it a magnificent repast. After we left the table we returned to the parlor. About eleven o'clock the party broke up, and we went home with light hearts and very much pleased with our party.

A Good Place for Another Deaf-Mute Institution.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of Feb. 28th, you say, in reviewing the report of the Indiana Deaf and Deaf Institution, in regard to its fullness, "that some enterprising man might start another school somewhere in that State." If any one contemplates following out the suggestion, Logansport is a good place, as it is centrally located, in the northern half of the State, and has five or six railroads in as many directions, and is accessible to the people of 25 or 30 counties more than Indianapolis, and would draw all the mates of northern Indiana, leaving the central and southern parts of the State to the old institution which will be plenty for its usefulness. Besides, Logansport is quite a large and enterprising city, and well located on the banks of the Wabash river. A good man, either speaking or mute, would, or could, meet with but little if any just opposition from the old institution, as it is full and something must be done to relieve the over pressure; and another school in another central and populous part of the State would be more human than centralization. Besides, the Supt. is too old and wise to oppose any just plan that has the interest of the mates for its main object; for he will, ere long, pass away, and a successor or a series of successors would be apt to be vain over a monopolization of this great educational branch, and would, in that case, rule less to the actual moral and educational advancement of the great number of mates than to the vain ambition to be great because once a great institution, while greatness consists in being humble, useful and unselfish. NEVLEVELIS.

ANOTHER SURPRISE PARTY.

The mute friends, 23 in number, of Miss Graham gave her a surprise party on the 23d of February. When we started it was raining quite hard; but what cared we for it? When a gentleman has a lady at his side he cares not for rain, or snow, or anything else but the lady. When we arrived at her house she was not at home, but would soon be. So we went in and made ourselves at home. In half an hour she returned, and felt very much surprised at seeing such an agreeable party. It was, indeed, a surprise to her—there being no little sly bird to carry the news beforehand. We enjoyed her surprise very much. We played parlor games, and our enjoyment was unabated till half-past 10 o'clock when we were called out to partake of all the good things on the table waiting for us. A golden cake was offered at raffle, the money to go to the Church Mission; or, if Rev. Mr. Sytle objected to it, to the mute poor. The winner was Mr. William McKinney. He generously divided the cake among the party. About half-past eleven o'clock the party broke up, the rain having stopped. We very much enjoyed the walk home.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 5, 1878.

—The Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England, Lord Carnarvon presiding, unanimously passed a resolution refusing to recognize as a Freemason any person initiated in a lodge where a belief in God is denied or ignored. This refers to the action of the Grand Orient of France, which recently eliminated the article expressing belief in God from its ritual.

DEAF-MUTE SERVICES IN MAINE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I. P. Marsh, of Massachusetts, came here Saturday noon, Jan. 27th, and preached a good sermon before deaf-mutes, the guests of C. A. Brown's house, on Sunday. He went to Augusta on Monday to visit mates in various towns. At Biddeford he preached to deaf-mutes on Sunday, Feb. 3d, and went home on Monday. Saturday evening, Feb. 23d, Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, came here and became a guest of my house. He delivered an excellent sermon before the deaf-mutes. It was very pleasant, but it was muddy. Monday afternoon he went to Thorndike, Me., to hold service, and he went to Augusta and preached to deaf-mutes there on Sunday, Feb. 3d. He will officiate in Biddeford, next Sunday, Feb. 10th. It is hoped that his services may be successful and beneficial to deaf-mutes.

Yours truly,

F. M. STAPLES.

Pres. Belfast Society of Deaf-Mutes.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—Fifteen thousand cigars were shipped to England, from New York, on the 6th inst.

—John Quinn, Warden of the New York City Prison, died on the 10th inst., aged 52 years.

—The annual report of the Union Pacific Railroad for 1877 shows surplus earnings of \$7,200,000.

—Catharine Hayes, aged almost 104 years, died in the Blackwell's Island Alms House, on the 5th inst.

—The epizootic has appeared among the horses in Canada. It is attributed to continued damp and unseasonable weather.

—The loss by the burning of Leach's shoe factory, at Brockton, Mass., is \$150,000. Four hundred persons are thrown out of employment.

—The Iroquois club, of Montreal, and the Onondagas, of Syracuse, have lately been playing Lacrosse to crowded houses at Gilmore's Garden, New York.

—Three young sons of Matthew Lynch, of Fort Wayne, Ind., were fatally injured by the explosion of a railroad torpedo with which they were playing.

—Willis Percival & Co., bankers, of London, Eng., have failed; liabilities, estimated at \$650,000. The failure is attributed to heavy losses and bad debts.

—Sarah Griffin (colored,) of New York, was recently arrested on the charge of attempting to poison a family living in the house with her, by giving them copperas powder in bread.

—At Powell's Bend, on the Potomac river, the trestle platform used in building a new iron bridge gave way, throwing 13 men 50 feet into the river. Three were fatally injured and the others seriously hurt.

—King Alfonso has sent flattering telegrams to Captain-General Jovellar and General Martinez Campos, congratulating them on the restoration of peace in Cuba. Many cities of Spain have sent similar messages.

—Judge Asa Biggs, of Virginia, died on the 6th inst., aged 68 years. He was a member of congress for several terms and United States senator. He was, also, United States District Judge for North Carolina, under President Pierce's administration.

—The estate of the late Elisha P. Wheeler, of Middletown, N. Y., who was ruined by the failure of the New York and Oswego Midland Railway, of which he was Vice-President and a large indorser, will pay about 35 per cent. on \$140,000 proved claims.

—Paris is to have an extensive underground railway system, with four principal lines, all meeting below the Palais Royal, where an immense depot will be erected. Twenty-one million dollars are to be furnished for the work by the general Government, the department of the Seine, and the city of Paris.

—The Indian famine has cost the government \$46,250,000 and it is proposed by the authorities hereafter to regard these visitations as regularly recurring and not as exceptional events and to make preparation for them by laying up \$7,500,000 a year, so as to meet the scourge when it comes without unduly disturbing the revenue.

—At Johnstown, R. I., a bed of soft soap-stone has been uncovered, which proves to have been an old Indian pottery, where basins, pipe-bowls and axeheads were made in immense quantities. The savages cut away the stone with pieces of slate till the shape of the proposed article, bottom side up, was left detached on the ledge; it was then split off with wedges and hollowed out with a sharp scoop or gouge.

THE DOLLARS OF THIS GENERATION.

It is a sad fact that the silver dollar is fast becoming a thing of the past.

RESULTS FOR GOOD QUITE UNCERTAIN, AND

THE PASSAGE OF THE SILVER BILL, WHICH WAS PROMPTLY VETOED BY THE PRESIDENT, AND AS PROMPTLY PASSED AGAIN, OVER THE VETO, BY A MAJORITY OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, BY A VOTE ABUNDANTLY SUFFICIENT TO MAKE IT A LAW WITHOUT HIS APPROVAL, FURNISHES A SUBJECT HIGHLY WORTHY OF PRESENT CONSIDERATION, AND MANY PROGNOSTICATIONS AS TO HOW IT WILL IN THE FUTURE BEAR UPON THE INTEGRITY AND HONOR OF OUR NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Lack of space forbids us the use of our columns in which to print the bill as it was passed, but a few extracts from the President's veto, which by the way strikes us very forcibly for the practical sense, and suggestions of national honor with which it is replete, will convey to the minds of any who have no conception of the meaning of the bill and who may feel "curious" to know what its effects will prove to be, a good opportunity to make their own calculations in relation to its future results. The following extracts, clipped from the President's veto message, to congress, referring to the Silver bill, may prove suggestive to some who are in a contemplative mood respecting national credit and finances:

"After a very careful consideration of House bill No. 1093, entitled 'An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its legal-tender character,' I feel compelled to return it to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, with my objections to its passage.

"The bill provides for the coinage of silver dollars of the weight of 412½ grains each, of standard silver, to be a legal tender, at their nominal value, for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contracts. It is well known that the market value of that number of grains of standard silver during the past year has been from ninety to ninety-two cents, as compared with the standard gold dollar.

Thus the silver dollar authorized by this bill is worth 8 to 10 per cent. less than it purports to be worth, and is made a legal tender for debts contracted in lawful money. The right to pay duties in silver or certificates of silver deposits will, when they are issued in sufficient amount to circulate, put an end to the receipt of revenue in gold, and thus compel payment of silver for both the principal and interest of the public debt. Eleven hundred and forty-three million, four hundred and ninety-three thousand, four hundred dollars of the bonded debt now outstanding was issued prior to February, 1873, when the silver dollar was unknown in circulation in this country, and was only a convenient form of silver bullion for exportation. Five hundred and eighty-three million, four hundred and forty thousand, three hundred and fifty dollars of the funded debt has been issued since February, 1873, when gold alone was the coin in which both parties to the contract understood that the bonds would be paid. These bonds entered into the markets of the world. They were paid for in gold when silver had greatly depreciated and when no one would have bought them if it had been understood that they would be paid in silver. The sum of \$225,000,000 of these bonds has been sold during my administration, for gold, coin, and the United States received the benefit of these sales by a reduction of the rate of interest to four per cent. During the progress of these sales a doubt was suggested as to the coin in which payment of these bonds would be made. The public announcement was thereupon authorized that it was not to be anticipated that any further legislation of Congress, or any action of any department of the Government, would sanction or tolerate the redemption of the principle of these bonds, or the payment of the interest thereon, in coin of less value than the coin authorized by law at the time of the issue of the bonds, being the coin exacted by the Government in exchange for the same. In view of these facts, it will be justly regarded as a grave breach of the public faith to undertake to pay these bonds, principle or interest, in silver coin worth in the market less than the coin received for them.

"I cannot approve a bill which, in my judgment, authorizes the violation of sacred obligations. The obligation of the public faith transcends all questions of profit or public advantage. Its unquestionable maintenance is the dictate, as well of the highest expediency as of the most necessary duty, and should ever be guarded by the Executive, by Congress, and by the people.

"It is my firm conviction that, if the country is to be benefited by a silver coinage, it can be done only by the issue of silver dollars of full value, which will demand no man. A currency worth less than it purports to be worth will, in the end, demand not only creditors, but all who are engaged in legitimate business, and none more surely than those who are dependent on their daily labor for their daily bread."

Here we have a few selections from the opinion entertained by the Chief Magistrate of our government, in regard to the Silver bill, as well as the substance of the bill itself. The subject admits of various and fanciful conjectures, but of the fruits of the bill, whether good or bad, time will prove the verdict.

Interesting to Our Subscribers.

Elsewhere in our paper we publish a "new departure," to which we invite the special attention of our readers.

In plain terms we have inaugurated a sort of mutual aid plan for the benefit of our subscribers and the Journal, jointly. In order to increase our circulation, we make the proposition stated in another part of our paper, and, provided not less than three hundred new subscribers are obtained on the mutual benefit plan, we shall make it valid, and bind ourselves to perform our part of the contract to the very letter of the proposition; but should, however, there be a failure to procure the requisite three hundred new names (and we don't object to more than that number on the same plan), of course the offer will, at the end of the first year, be null and void, and the offer will be discontinued. But we think, if our friends put forth their efforts, there can be no failure to get the number of names desired, as we intend to not only keep the Journal up to its present standard, but to make it better each succeeding year as a national organ for the deaf and dumb; and, having got the plan well established, we intend to keep up the same offer for an indefinite number of years. We freely admit that we make the offer in the interest of our paper, but it will be plainly seen that the proposition is not only a good one for the Journal, but a better one for our subscribers, and it is made with a hope that our subscription will be largely augmented, not only during the year from April 1st, 1878, to April 1st, 1879, but also for many succeeding years. It will be an easy task for our readers to draw the conclusion that with our subscriptions numbering 1,000 there will be a fund amounting to \$250 from which to draw for the benefit of the families or other friends of deceased subscribers. So, also, if we shall raise our subscriptions to 5,000 there will be a fund of \$1,250, and if to 10,000 there will be one of \$2,500, and in the same ratio for any number of subscribers. Should we get the three hundred subscribers, or any larger number, thus assuring the plan, on and after April 1st, 1879, we shall be prepared, in case of deaths among our subscribers, to comply with our stipulated amount to the heirs or legal representatives of deceased subscribers; and our readers are hereby notified that, should the proposed plan be assured by the procuring of the number of new subscribers before named, the heirs or legal representatives of old subscribers will be entitled to the same benefit as those of new subscribers. It will, therefore, be perceived that old subscribers, as well as others will find it to their interest to do all in their power to help increase the circulation of our paper. There is no humbuggery in this matter. It is simply a bargain, in plain terms, the consummation of which is advantageous to our subscribers as to ourselves, and the terms are so explicit that even a child cannot be mistaken as to their meaning. It is confidently hoped, and may be reasonably expected that all interested in the well-being of the Journal will do all they can to accomplish the above-named results.

MUTE WEDDING SERVICE.

For a week or more, Bishop Huntington has been of the number who have experienced much inconvenience from an affection of the vocal chords, reducing the voice to a whisper. Connected with this fact is a somewhat amusing incident, which the Syracuse Journal relates as follows: While making a visitation in Oneida county, a lady and gentleman who had been waiting his coming to be united in matrimony, insisted that he should perform the ceremony, before a large congregation in the church he was visiting. He complied, and the couple were married, though not a word was heard by the witnesses. The service struck an unlighted reporter of a Utica paper as being very peculiar, and characterized as an innovation and oddity of Bishop Huntington. It is needless to add that the reporter felt much chagrin when he learned the reason why the service was so silent.

ENVELOPES CHEAP!

A good envelope with return request.

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—at the—

JOURNAL OFFICE.

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.

A Party in Louisville—A New Style which some have for courting.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 2, 1878.

Editor JOURNAL:—I hope you will not find my letter a humdrum concern.

To write about a party is nothing new. The deaf-mutes insisted on writing you an account of their farewell party of the winter, given to the boys at the residence of Mrs. Morris, who has a deaf-mute daughter, and who occupy rooms belonging to the Methodist Church. The boys will soon disperse to the country to work on farms. We played different games, as they play them at hearing people's parties. While we were in the deepest of fun and merriment, we were summoned to a luxurious supper, and we did ample justice to it.

One of the most laughable games was introduced by a Mr. Kentz. He sent for a plate of flour, whereon he made a hill, and hidden in it was a ring; then he bade every one in turn to cut through the flour to the plate. Whoever strikes the ring has to pick it out with the teeth. This last part of the game is not so pleasant, as I can testify from experience. I was reluctant to go through the performance and dive into the flour, face, teeth and all, but was compelled to do according to the rules of the game. I felt more like throwing it at the instigator of the game. Amid roars of laughter, I came out victorious with the ring in my teeth and flour all over my face, gasping for breath. There were other games too numerous to mention.

When we started for home, one of the girls had an adventure—that of narrowly escaping a ducking in a tub of water at the corner of the house. She was rescued by one of the married men, the gallants being too late.

We have very few parties, owing to the scarcity of beaux; still the girls have enough fun in other ways.

An eccentric lover wrote to his lady, inviting her to a visit to his parents, and said if they liked her he would marry her.

Some time ago a countryman wrote to a city girl, begging her to come to his home and have a courting, and the weather was too rainy, and the roads too muddy for him to come to the city. I will not tire the readers with more extended accounts of our fun.

Washington's Birthday—Reception in New York.

Editor JOURNAL:—Washington's Birthday occasioned general suspension of business throughout the country, and was celebrated in different ways among the people. In this city receptions were held at many private houses and were numerously attended, in spite of the tempestuous weather.

Among those thus festively inclined, in this city, were Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, who gave a private party to a limited number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are both deaf-mutes, who extended invitations to about twenty-five of their similar friends, to enjoy the anniversary of the "Father of his country," among themselves. It was a very enjoyable affair, graced by the presence of well-known people, such, for instance, as Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, W. O. Fitzgerald and wife, also Mr. Stratton, one of the liveliest of gentlemen, Mr. Theodore Froehlich, Mr. David, of New Jersey, a pupil of the late Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. M. Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, of Long Island, Mr. and Mrs. McDougal, of Brooklyn, Miss Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Schutt, and many more.

All were in a most delightful mood, and every one tried to do his or her best to make the gathering pleasant all around. Mr. Schutt, by his affability and pleasantness, was really the animating spirit of the evening, and contributed greatly to the success of the entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were the recipients of a handsome sofa bed, presented to them by the invited guests. On its presentation Mr. Schutt made a few appropriate remarks, which were happily replied to by the amiable host and hostess. At eleven o'clock the company partook of a bountiful supper. The viands were most delicious, the cakes having been prepared by the ladies. Mrs. Fitzgerald especially praised Mrs. Williamson's cookery, although where everything was praiseworthy it was hardly possible to make a distinction as to excellency. The conversation was very lively though not vociferous, and every one seemed to enjoy himself.

Towards twelve o'clock the ranks began to thin, as several withdrew, but still a large number remained until after one o'clock.

The entertainment was, really a success, and, like, sociables, ought to be encouraged, as they tend to bring out latent humor and bind together in close friendship such as are otherwise separated from social unions.

New York, March 5, 1878.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—The Straits of Mackinaw are free from ice.

—There is a heavy shipment of grain going on at Port Hope, Can., on the Midland Railway.

—General Grant arrived at Constantinople March 2d.

—There is an apple tree in London, Can., in full bloom.

—It is announced that the treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey has been signed.

—Mary Kenally, aged 17 years, of Fall River, has been arrested eleven times for drunkenness.

—The consumption of oysters in the United States is said to amount to fifty million bushels annually.

—An incendiary fire at Plymouth, N. H., early on the morning of Feb. 5, caused damages amounting to \$16,000.

—Several miles of street railways have just been opened in Naples, and more are to be constructed immediately.

—A family near Evansville, Ind., consisting of father, mother, and son, have all committed suicide within about four months.

—For the first time since 1840 there was a snow storm during the past winter in Lisbon, Portugal.

—A young woman of Newberg, Wis., severely thrashed her father because he would not raise \$500 to give her as a dowry, in order to marry a man who wanted his wife to have that sum.

—A mouse placed in a box with three rattlesnakes at Anna, Ill., killed one of the snakes, while the two remaining ones showed the greatest fear of the little beast, watching every move it made.

—The art of cutting and polishing diamonds, that had so long been monopolized by Amsterdam experts, has been brought to the New World, and is now successfully practiced by young women in Boston.

—A man in Carrollton, Ky., hid \$1,000 in a bed, under which a keg of powder was kept. One night he went to sleep with a lighted pipe in his mouth. He escaped by quickly jumping, a worse injury than a severe scorching, but the money was saved.

—The sloop L. C. Wallace, of Abscon, Captain Somers, bound from Abscon to New York, baled with clams, washed ashore, on the night of the 3d inst., at Sandy Hook. The crew was saved by the crew of the life-saving station.

—The navy department will receive sealed proposals until the 8th inst., for disinterring of 60 or 80 bodies of those who perished by the Huron wreck, now temporarily buried along the North Carolina coast, and for their transportation to Annapolis and reinterment in the naval cemetery.

—A newly-invented ear for testing the strength of bridges is to be used in Connecticut. It contains an immense tank filled with water. In case the bridge gives signs of weakness the movement of a lever opens the sides of the tank, and the water instantly pours out, relieving the bridge of 80 tons weight.

—A colony of fifty German families is to start from New York soon for Bainbridge, near the Florida line, in Georgia, and more are to follow. A company has purchased 15,000 acres of land, and is selling it at \$4 an acre, \$1 cash, and the remainder on ten years' mortgage. A railroad runs through Bainbridge. Much land in Georgia is offered in large tracts at 50 cents to \$1 an acre, partly cleared. Recently 3,040 acres of wild land were sold by auction in Gilmer county for \$222.75, or at only \$3 for a tract of 160 acres.

—The Iceland fishery employed 237 French boats and 4,205 men during 1877. The fishing fleet left France in the latter part of February. Owing to severe storms along the shores of Iceland fishing did not begin in earnest until the end of April. The season proved an unusually good one. The cod arrived in such large shoals that the number taken by each boat depended solely upon the strength and energy of the crew, while the fish were of an excellent quality, yielding an abundance of oil and roe. Forty-two boats reported 1,129,328 cod, being at the rate of 1,220 fish for every man of the crews.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS' MUTUAL AUXILIARY.

The object of the above-named feature of our paper is to foster pecuniary aid to the families and legal representatives of deceased subscribers of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, or to such other persons as said subscribers shall have designated.

Any individual, deaf and dumb, or otherwise, residing in the United States of America, or in Canada, who is in good health, and who pays in advance one year's subscription to THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL at any time in the year from the first of April to the end of March of each year, may become a member of the Mutual Auxiliary. Each and every person must make application in the form described below, which shall be recommended by an actual subscriber or agent of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Upon the death of a subscriber, certified by the clergyman of the deceased, and three subscribers of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, the present proprietor and the future proprietors of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL shall transmit within thirty days after the expiration of the year the sum of twenty-five cents, from each subscription received for THE JOURNAL, to the heirs and assigns of the deceased. If two or more deaths occur within the year the said sum shall be equally divided and forwarded to the heirs and assigns of each of the deceased. In case, however, no death occurs during the year the said sum shall accrue to the benefit of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Each subscriber shall receive a certificate of membership from the proprietor of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only persons who are in good health, and pay one year's full subscription to THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, in advance, shall be eligible for membership, and such person or persons shall remain members as long as he or she continues to pay one dollar and fifty cents for the paper, at least one week in advance of the time at which his or her subscription expires. If a subscriber neglects to renew his or her subscription he or she shall be notified, by his or her name erased from the list of subscribers, and he or she shall forfeit all claims upon the Mutual Auxiliary, provided, however, that he or she may be reinstated by the proprietor of THE JOURNAL upon making application and paying all assessments made during the interval between such forfeiture and reinstatement, and twenty-five cents for expenses.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

I, the undersigned, a resident of _____ County, State (or Province) of _____, being in good health, and not, to his or her knowledge, being seized of any disease likely to prove fatal, desiring to become a member of "OUR SUBSCRIBERS' MUTUAL AUXILIARY," herewith enclose one dollar and fifty cents as his or her subscription to THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and promises to pay one dollar and fifty cents every year, at least one week in advance of the expiration of his or her subscription, or failing to make such payments, to forfeit all claims against the same.

Dated at _____ (Here name of applicant.)

Certified by _____ Clergyman of the deceased.

Subscribers of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS FOR DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 31.

Dayton, Ohio, April 1st.

Delaware, Ohio, April 7th.

Cleveland, Ohio, April 14th.

Detroit, Mich., April 15th.

Jackson, Mich., April 15th.

Coopersville, Mich., April 18th.

Chicago, Ill., April 21st.

Cleveland, Ohio, April 28th.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 1st.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 5th.

St. Louis, Mo., May 12th.

Cleveland, O. (Convention), May 15th.

Springfield, O. (Convention), May 16th.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 19th.

Other appointments will be made later.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Mar. 17th.

The Psalter for the 17th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xiv.

2d Lesson—Luke x, to verse 25th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xviii.

2d Lesson—Ephesians v.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday in Lent.

Sunday, Mar. 24th.

The Psalter for the 24th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xx, to verse 27th.

2d Lesson—Mark ix, to verse 30th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xx, verse 27th.

2d Lesson—Ephesians v.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Lent.

Recently a minister received a clergyman's half-fare traveling card, as they are called, and wrote to the superintendent asking "if he could not embrace his wife also." The superintendent replied that he thought likely he could, but did not want to say positively, until he had seen the wife, as he was a little fastidious in his tastes.

We have a fine line of bill-heads and business cards, which we shall be happy to print for customers at very low prices.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of T. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Arnold H. Bellamy, late of the town of Albion, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, to M. W. Collins, Attorney for Executor, at the Surrogate's office, in Mexico, on or before noon of the 12th day of August, 1878, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.

Dated Mexico, Feb. 18, 1878.

6m6 GEORGE E. BELLAMY, Executor.

STATE OF NEW YORK—SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF OSWEGO.—Philoa Legg agt George Place.

To the above named defendant, George A. Place.

You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the Plaintiff's Attorney, within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to appear or to answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated this 10th day of Dec. 1877.

N. W. NUTTING, Plaintiff's Attorney.

West 1st & Bridge Streets, Oswego, Oswego County, N. Y.

To the above named Defendant, George A. Place.

The foregoing summons is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of Hon. James Noxon, Justice of the Supreme Court, dated the 1st day of February 1878, and filed with the complaint in the office of the Clerk of Oswego County.

6m7 N. W. NUTTING, Plaintiff's Attorney.

STATE OF NEW YORK—SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF OSWEGO.—Wakman J. Gorham, Plaintiff, agt Ollive Gorham, Defendant.

To the above named defendant:

You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the Plaintiff's Attorney within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to appear or to answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated 8th day of December, 1877.

SMITH & BROWN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Mexico, N. Y.

To Ollive Gorham, defendant.

The foregoing summons is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of Hon. Newton W. Nutting, Oswego County Judge, dated the 21st day of January, 1878, and filed in the office of the Clerk of Oswego County, at Oswego, N. Y.

SMITH & BROWN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Mexico, N. Y.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Mortgagor, Margaret France, of the town of Scriba, Oswego County, N. Y., Mortgagee, Elisia M. Fort, of the City of Oswego, N. Y.

Mortgage recorded in the Oswego county clerk's office, December 5, 1874, in book of mortgages 103, page 272.

The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of the first publication hereof is \$176.14. The said mortgage has been duly assigned to and is now owned by Benjamin C. Turner, of Scriba, Oswego county, N. Y., and said assignment is recorded in the Oswego county clerk's office, in Liber 103, page 272. The lands and premises described in said mortgage are as follows:

All that tract or parcel of land situate in the town of Scriba, county of Oswego, State of New York, being part of lot No. 22 in the 18th town of Oswego, and bounded as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point in the center of the highway, leading north from Scriba corners, at the north-east corner of the union store lot, and thence westerly on the line of Harvey Burt's land, and lands formerly owned by William Stone, to the north-west corner of a Blacksmith shop owned by said Burt, and said Stone, and thence northerly parallel with said highway sixty (60) feet, thence easterly parallel with said Burt's line to the center of said highway, thence southerly along the center of said highway to the place of beginning, the said lot being the same width front and rear, viz, 60 feet. The said premises being the same conveyed by Russell C. Turner to said Benjamin C. Turner, by deed bearing date September 29, 1874.

That there is a power of sale contained in said mortgage, which is recorded therewith, and which is hereby exercised by said Benjamin C. Turner, as mortgagee, and the said mortgage contained therein having been made in the payment of the amount of money secured by said mortgage, and in pursuance of the statute of Oswego County, in that behalf made, the said mortgage will be foreclosed, and the said mortgaged premises will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, at the law office of N. W. Nutting, at Oswego, N. Y., on or before the 20th day of April, 1878, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated January 23, 1878.

BENJAMIN C. TURNER,

Assignee and owner of mortgage.

N. W. NUTTING, Att'y, Oswego, N. Y.

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